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COLONNADE



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FARMVILLE · VIRGINIA

JANUARY · 1942



An Outboard Steeplechase at Cypress Gardens, Winter Haven, Florida

THAT'S MALCOLM POPE LEADING

THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE OUT. HEY, THIS IS DANGEROUS!

WAIT'LL THEY HIT THE FIRE HAZARD



I'D WANT TO BE DOING MORE THAN GO THROUGH THAT STUFF

SUPPOSE THEY SPILLED—OR STALLED?

40 Feet through the Air From an Inclined Platform Jump



The Last Hazard!



THE ONLY FINISHER—AND THE WINNER—MALCOLM POPE!

GREAT RACE, POPE. I'VE GOT A MOVIE CONTRACT FOR YOU. LET'S CLINCH IT WITH A CAMEL

A CAMEL ALWAYS GOES WITH A HAPPY ENDING. THEY ALWAYS TASTE SO GOOD



THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR ME. A CAMEL IS JUST WHAT I WANT

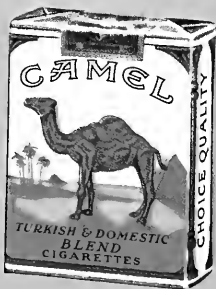
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5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. IV

JANUARY, 1942

NO. 2

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The Colonnade

VOLUME IV

NUMBER 2

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Cover by Peggy Hughes

The Columns . . .

AMONG OTHER THINGS . . .

THE COLONNNADE'S cover artist, Peggy Hughes, gives us something new and different for the year 1942. A bold brush, a flash of modern design and the Colonnade presents a colorful front to her reader.

IN PRINT . . .

Margaret Wright, winner of second place in the Colonnade's summer short story contest, tells us time was when there was "Really and Truly Time". Time for what? Let Binkie, Marie, and the other members of the "playroom 400" tell you.

A note of appeal is struck when Mary Hunter Edmunds reveals amazing facts about WOMAN—that rag, that bone, that hank of hair, whose feminine wiles run rampant through the pages of history. We refer you to "Cherchez La Femme" on page twelve of this issue.

ALONG THE STACKS . . .

John Gunther, long recognized as a man of keen perception in political and geographic fields, deals with a timely study of American relations in his most recent book, "Inside Latin America". The book, released by Harper and Brothers in October,

1941, defends the Status of the South American countries as regards of foreign intervention and possible invasion by the Axis powers. If the criticisms proffered by some who question the validity of Mr. Gunther's reasoning be accepted in truth, his books would nevertheless be worthwhile. He depicts in excellent description, the true life of the people within whose countries he travels and studies. The book is reviewed by Nell Richard.

"The Hills Beyond", reviewed by Harriet Cantrell of the staff, is the third of the post-humous books of Thomas Wolfe. Compiled by Edward C. Aswell, "The Hills Beyond" may well be said to represent the true thought and philosophy of a man who early won a distinguished place in the field of American literature.

Irvin S. Cobb, that great American humorist who has mastered everything from the cub-reporter's lowly position to the lecture platform, gives to his own American public the delightfully humorous account of his varied life. Mr. Cobb believes in his profession, as being essentially noble and worthwhile. With this he takes his stand in "Exit Laughing".

NEWCOMERS . . .

The Colonnade welcomes to its rank of contributors Anne Fitzgerald, Louise Turner, Nell Richard, and others who's contributions appear throughout the January issue.

"Blind Folly", the story of a man who's own weakness cost him the thing most vital to his happiness—the woman he loved, received honorable mention in the summer contest. Anne Fitzgerald is the author.

Louise Turner's story, "The Liar", was also recognized in the contest. A woman allows herself to reminisce on things that might have been, and yet finds no regrets.

THE POETRY CORNER . . .

Anne C. Williams, a former member of the staff and a recent graduate of Farmville, permits us to publish her timely poem, "Prayer". Other poems appearing in this issue are by Carolyn Rouse and Anne Fitzgerald.

FEATURING . . .

Cottie Radspinner creates a novel "Study in Brown" on the middle pages. Her subject? Miss Farmville S. T. C., of course.

We call attention, too, to the added attractions of this issue. Elizabeth Tennent suggests, by her cartoons appearing, "Life's Little Temptations".

SUGGESTING . . .

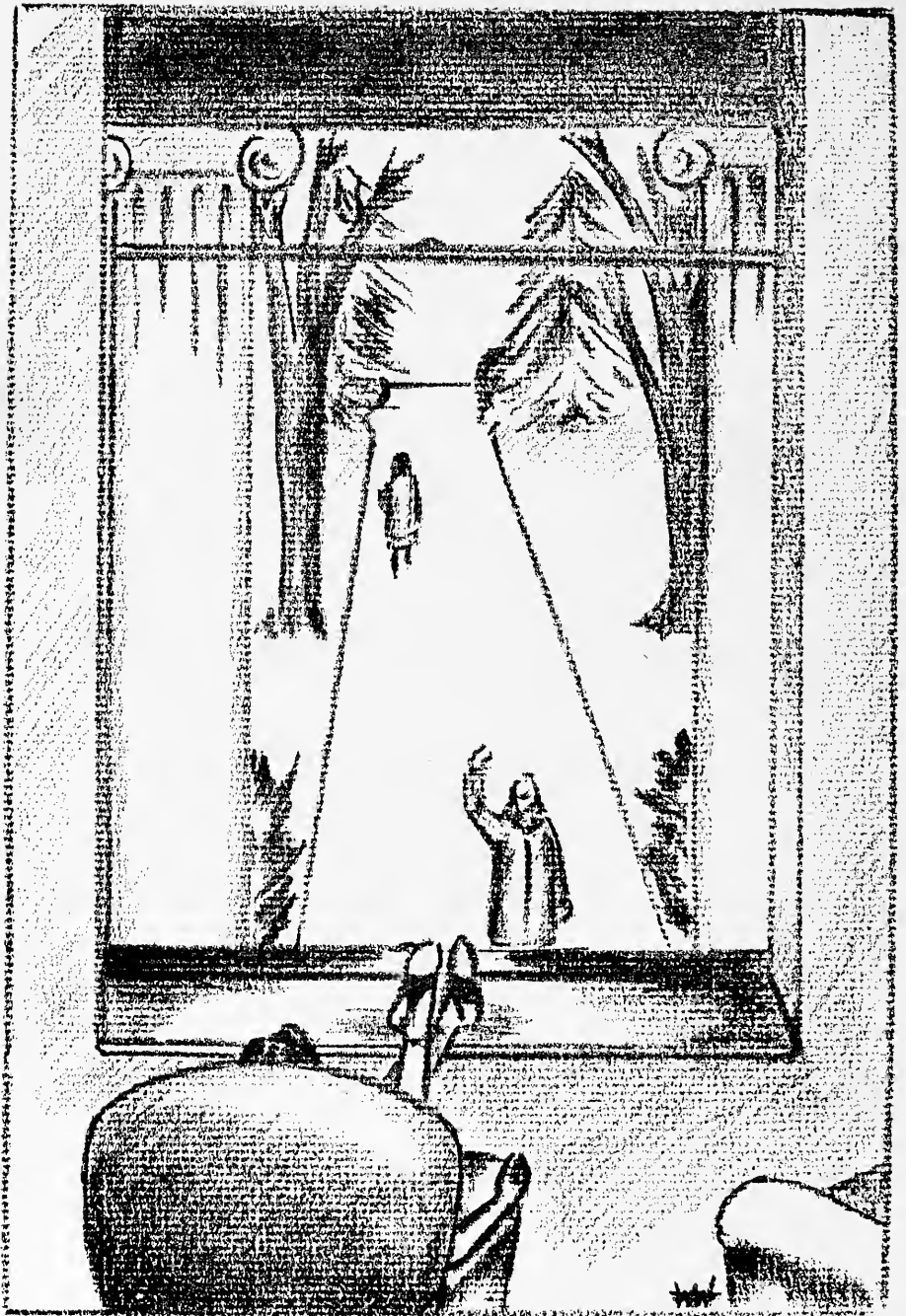
Remember the Colonnade's poetry contest deadline. Submit your entries early and avoid that last minute rush.

MEANTIME . . .

The Colonnade wishes to each of its readers a prosperous new year. Let your first resolution be to WRITE FOR THE COLONNADE!

Allene Overbey

THE COLONNADE pauses . . .
to recognize with honor the young
men in the service of our nation . . .



Education's Wartime Policy

BY ALLENE OVERBEY

THERE is perhaps no force so pervasive in the world today as that of hate. Brother turns against brother, community against community, nation against nation—all through the contagion of evil and intermittent ill-will.

We, the United States, are at war. We are fighting for a democracy which we ourselves have created and which has been fostered and matured by us, the people who represent that democracy. In such an established form of government there are allowed the rights of free speech, free worship, free press, and free action, within the limitable restrictions necessary to community order and progressive administration. There is, rightly, in such a set-up, no room for hate of any kind. There is no reason to distrust a man because he is at variance with you or your particular reasoning. There is no place for intolerance in a democratic government.

Yet, the American people have allowed themselves to become so imbued with these penetrating fears, doubts, distrusters, and the like, that they are no longer holding to the standards of the government for whose continuance they are fighting. We hate the Germans; we hate the Italians; we hate the Japanese. We erect stupendous propaganda posters portraying in all grotesqueness and unsaintliness the German soldier, the Japanese laborer, and the Italian traitor. These we allow, and we yet profess ourselves a people destined to save the world for the pure light of democracy, to alter the course of the present time in order that our standards of life may prevail upon the earth.

A few weeks ago the War Department, indubitably through some oversight, allowed a national wartime poster to go through the printing office and to be circulated. On this poster were pictured German soldiers, their guns held high, their heads looking like Satan in the glory of some obscene perversity, and their attitude that of menace and complete destruction to all in their path. Under the picture was written in bold red letters the rather expressive American phrase, "Oh, yeah?" The American public saw the poster. The American children, attracted by its hideousness, captured the idea and took it with them to the playground and to the school room. "We hate Hitler", they learned to say; "we hate the Germans"; and the American public smiled and approved.

That is one of the many examples of our "wrong-footed" policy during wartime. We accuse the nations *against* whom we are fighting of such propagandistic policies. We shrink from the thought that young German children are being taught to distrust the Americans and the English, and to hate the Russians and the Jews. We deny the validity of any such open and deadly policy. Yet, we, perhaps unknowingly, better, unthinkingly, allow the identical reactions to develop among our own societies in a more subtle yet equally offensive way. We are not on guard against the hatreds which may arise and spread irremediably during a war.

THE COLONNADE

How, then, may we repair the damages of distrust and ill-judgment? How may we establish the necessary realization that war must overcome hate, not create it?

Ironical as it may seem, the system of universal education that is practiced today is greatly responsible for the misconceptions that have arisen. Education is good in that it promotes a united thought among its members. If this thought be guided and directed toward the establishment of tolerance and trust, then the people so educated will stand together in all that involves fair play and emotional stability. However, if such a method suffers misguidance, then the result is a public bedlam, subject to irregular change, emotional instability, and thoughtless injustice.

It seems, therefore, that educational growth and advancement must be carried on with extreme care, especially during war, that there may arise no system of false propaganda, no warped attitude toward members of the same group or of another group, no individual discrepancies. If this be done, the public must be educated to face both national and international disunity with a comparative degree of emotional stability and reason. It must be warned against false propaganda. It must be wary of the lurking force of hate which may so quickly arise during a period of apparent upheaval. And it must be quick to recognize the wrong element within its realm—that element of discord and intolerance which, through the continued growth of education, will outlive generations if it be allowed to go unchecked.

We do not propose that the present educational system in the United States is responsible for the deviations which have arisen. We rather recognize its tremendous accomplishments and sanction it as necessary to our democratic society. We do, however, urge that this medium of thought and growth be governed and controlled to the extent that no such fallacies, qualms, and subterfuges as those resulting from the First World War may be present among us. We must learn that we cannot fight evil with evil; we cannot overcome hatred with hate.

Every branch of society is affected by war when the nation embodying it is involved. There is the definite need for a well-defined wartime policy in each of these branches; for, when the times are extraordinary, there is no ordinary means of coping with them. Why should not education in the United States adopt as its policy a united effort among all educators, and all forces directly affecting the system, to rid the classroom, the radio, the newspaper, and other agencies of education, of false ideas, of professed hatred, and of ill-will?

Such a policy, if carried through, need mean not a deprivation of freedom of speech and thought, but a continued effort at presenting as of the first importance those things for which we are fighting—those characteristics of our democracy which make it ours.

"Really and Truly Time"

MARGARET WRIGHT

Second place in the Colonnade's Summer Contest

BONG! Bong! Bong! Bong! boomed the mantle clock.

"—Nine! Ten! Eleven! Twelve! WHOOPS———" and the half-red and half-white mechanical clown somersaulted right into the middle of Kuddley Kitten. Pierrot pranced around the Nursery in rhymn to the gay little air of his flute.

At the stroke of midnight the playroom changed, as if by magic, from a silent, orderly little boys' haven to a tumult of clatter, chatter, tinkle, and the busy hum of "Really and Truly Time" for the toys. Really and Truly Time started a long, long time ago when a little boy asked if toys ever walked and talked and played as he did.

"Really and Truly," said the tin soldier with the Blue Bayonet. "Every night for a whole hour."

This was the first time the little boy had ever heard the tin soldier with the Blue Bayonet, or any other toy talk, and he was so surprised that all he could say was, "Really and truly?"

"Some night I'll wake you and let you see, if you'll be very, very quiet," promised the tin soldier with the Blue Bayonet.

"What time?" asked the little boy.

And because the tin soldier with the Blue Bayonet couldn't tell time, he said, "At Really and Truly Time," which must have been right 'cause that's when it is now

* * * *

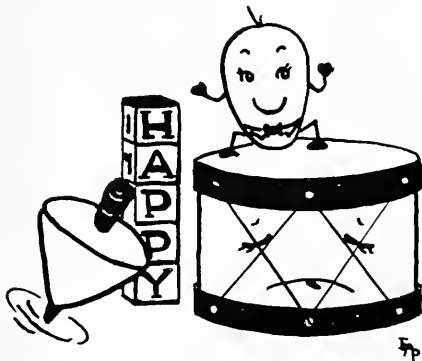
It was Really and Truly Time now in Peter's playroom. Maria, the French doll with felt dresses and hats, was having a tea party. Katrina was dancing with one hand

on her hip and one curved over her head.

"One! Two! Three!" The gait of Binkie, the rocking horse, was a slow and steady rock this time. The rag dolls scrambled up again on Binkie's back. Almost as soon as they got in the saddle, they slipped to the floor because they were so floppy and soft. "One! Two! Three!" If the dolls weren't up again by the time Binkie counted three, they missed a ride.

The Humpty-Dumpty ball swayed back and forth, back and forth. HMMMmmm! HMMMmmm! The singing top spun in and out of a door built of blocks, while the bouncing ball played leap-frog with the Kangaroo.

Every one was merry and gay—that is, every one except the little Red Drum. —Trrrrummlp — trrrrummlp — (very slowly and very sadly.) The little Red Drum beat so slowly that not one of the toys could march or play to his music. It didn't sound like the little Red Drum's usual peppy A---RRrrrat-a-tat-tat at all.



THE COLONNADE

"WHOOOPS——! I made this corner in three turns." The half-red and half-white mechanical clown jumped breathlessly to his feet.

—Trrrrrummlp — trrrrrummlp—(still very slowly and very sadly.)

"Why, the little Red Drum is glum! (with surprise.)

Is it a rash or a wheeze
Or some rare disease

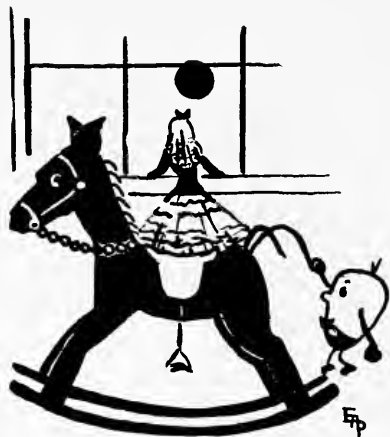
That is making you miss all the fun?"

At the clown's question the little Red Drum stopped his slow, sad—trrrrrummlp—trrrrrummlp—and said in a very pathetic voice:

"I'll tell you why I am so glum.
I have to sit in the corner all day
At night I can't skip around and play
Like some.

But I'm put over here by two walls.
And I have to beat
For dancing feet,
The horse, the top and the balls.

It's awful when others can move around,
And it makes you terrible glum
To sit and drum, and drum, and drum
The same monotonous sound.



I can't dance, and I can't run.
In fact I can't have any fun.
Yet I have to play
So you can be gay.
Can't something be done?"

"Look!" cried Binkie suddenly. They all looked, forgetting about the little Red Drum and his trouble. The moon peaked from behind a cloud, and then came all the way out—a big, full, round, yellow balloon, and because they all went into the garden on bright, moonlit nights, Binkie got under the window sill so they could climb up on his back. Some used his tail, and some stepped into the stirrup.

They disappeared, one by one, out of the window into the night—the half-red and half-white mechanical clown, the singing top, Maria, the Humpty-Dumpty Doll, the Kangaroo, the Rag Dolls, Kuddley Kitten, and Katrina, the dancing doll. All went except Pierrot and the little Red Drum.

Usually the little Red Drum was the liveliest toy in the room, and especially on moonlit nights. He always beat out a gay A-RRrrrat-a-tat-tat as the boys marched out. But now he stopped even his sad little—trrrrrummlp—trrrrrummlp—THE LITTLE RED DRUM WAS SAD.

Pierrot wanted the little Red Drum to be happy. He played the brightest tune his flute would play, and danced his gayest steps. But this didn't cheer him one bit. Seeing that his tunes and dancing were doing no good, Pierrot perched himself on the edge of the Nursery table and said softly—

"Listen to me, little Red Drum—
You have to catch happiness
And hold it tight.
Yours is running through like a sieve
And that's not right.

To beat a drum
Is a wonderful thing.
It makes others
Want to dance and sing.

"REALLY AND TRULY TIME"

Some day you'll know
You're making yourself sad,
And that the way to be happy
Is to make others glad."

The light streaming in the play-room window suddenly darkened as the moon slid behind a cloud. The toys clambered in the window, chattering noisily. The mantle clock ticked on nearer and nearer one o'clock.

BONG! Really and Truly Times was over for the toys. They were in their places, tired from so much frolicking, but happy. The little Red Drum was the only one who was unhappy, except maybe Pierrot, who wanted him to be gay again.

* * * *

Peter was excited when he got up the next day. He didn't know why, but he felt that this was a special day, and that something special was going to happen, to him especially. Peter was very restless. He couldn't find anything to do, and he kept hoping that the "something special" would happen.

Then he heard it. First a rumble of wheels and the sound of horses feet as they tromp-tromped down the street. Dogs barked. Something roared and a band began to play. BOMP! BOMP! bomp, bomp, bomp!—You could hear the beating of a big bass drum.

Peter ran to the window. His "something special" *had* happened—something thrilling, exciting and wonderful—something beyond his wildest expectations. A circus—a real circus had come to town. From his window he could see the crowd of children—some on bicycles and some running beside the parade.

Jumping down from the window seat, Peter ran from the room. Halfway down the steps he thought of something. Excitedly he dashed back up the steps into the playroom, grabbed his little Red Drum, and ran out into the street to follow the Circus Parade.



* * * *

BONG! The mantle clock struck the last stroke of midnight and Really and Truly Time began again. As the last stroke ended, the toys all made a dash for one corner—the corner where the little Red Drum belonged.

"What was it like?"

"Did you see the animals, too?"

"Did they have clowns and white horses and peanuts and monkeys?"

"Were the wagons red with yellow wheels?"

"How many clowns were there?"

"Was there a white elephant?"

Everyone was talking at once. The little Red Drum couldn't possibly answer all the questions at one time.

Pierrot piped a shrill note on his flute. When all were quiet once more he said, "Now tell us about the parade."

The little Red Drum did. He didn't leave out a single thing—not even the bare back riders, or the seals that could balance balls on their noses, or the dog that could jump through a hoop, or the elephant who could say his prayers.

When he had finished, there was a large patch of golden light shining through the nursery window. The half-red and half-white mechanical clown picked up the little Red Drum, who played the fastest march he could, and they all filed out into the yard to the music of the little Red Drum. He was the happiest of all. He was the only toy that had been to a real circus. Peter had chosen the little Red Drum to go with him.

THE COLONNADE

Seeing the big bass drum had made a big change in the little Red Drum. Here was a drum that couldn't even play by itself, and yet it was a beautiful big bass drum. You could tell it was happy from the music it played.

That night as they all settled down the little Red Drum made a solemn promise to Pierrot and all the others.

"I saw how silly
It would be
If I were you
And you were me.

Just imagine a big drum
Riding a horse,

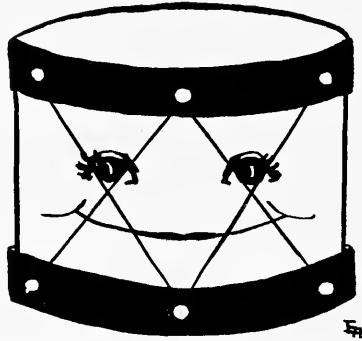
Or juggling three balls
Which is even worse.

If you'll forgive
My being glum,
I'll never again
Spoil your fun.

At Really and Truly Time
Each night,
And 'specially when
The moon is bright

I'll play for you
To march and sing.
We'll make the Nursery
Echo and ring.

A-RR rrat—a—tat—tat!
A-RR rrat—a—tat—tat!
I'll play for you like that!"



BETWEEN EDITOR AND READER

WE believe that, at a time when National Defense is the main objective of every loyal citizen of our nation, there is a tendency to put aside those things which are not directly effective as we see them to this defense. This, we believe, to be a misconception of responsibility and duty, both to our immediate society and to our nation.

Cultural advancement is the backbone of a well-organized society. Such advancement will not suffer intervention without serious detriment to the society itself. It must be carried on with even greater determination than before, if we are to preserve and to continue those things for which we are fighting in this present international upheaval.

These are no ordinary times. Neither is this an ordinary war. It has been rightly said that the outcome of the present situation will determine for many years to come, not alone the land marks by which the people of the world shall live, but the standards and ideals by which they shall be governed.

In view of this, we should like to urge that you contemplate your individual responsibilities to your society and to your nation. Support your society by holding to those ideals which characterize it, by accepting your daily duties in it, and by making worthwhile contributions to its advancement. Support your government by upholding its institutions with loyalty, by exemplifying the qualities of good citizenship within it, and by cooperating fully with its defense measures. You are thereby educating yourself and those about you for the society, the standards of which we as a nation are fighting to maintain.

THE EDITOR



Snow

It did not snow last night;
The angels merely trimmed their wings.
I know, for I saw a great light
And many more marvelous things!

The angels flew in stately flight,
The last one bringing shears of gold;
Their robes were made of ethereal white
And they looked like flocks of Jethro's fold.

One by one, they took a seat
And held out their wings all-spread;
They each bowed low at the Shearer's feet,
As He stooped and kissed each head.

Then, one by one, their wings He trimmed,
Until the last had passed Him by.
Long after all the lights were dimmed,
Dawn found the feathers piled knee-high.

—CAROLYN ROUSE





"Cherchez la Femme"



MARY HUNTER EDMUNDS

LONG before the records of history, even since the beginning of time itself, there has been a strange, subtle influence at work in this world of ours—an influence so potent that the destinies of nations and empires have been altered by it, so baffling that man is powerless to cope with it, so unpredictable that science cannot fathom it, yet so obvious that we cannot ignore it, and so intriguing that the dry annals of history when viewed in the light of it become as alive and engrossing as the pages of a western novel.

Now I shall carry you back, not hundreds, but thousands of years, to the very dawn of time itself, when this disturbing element first made its appearance. It all began when the first Adam awoke after a night's slumber with the realization that something was wrong. Upon investigation he discovered that his thirteenth and truly unlucky rib was missing, and from it had been made, of all things, *Woman*. Perhaps he felt cheated, but at any rate, he and every Adam since has sought to regain his lost rib—no longer just a curved bone, but now topped with a hank of hair, blessed with a bundle of wiles, and called Woman. Woe man! Therein lies the scientific explanation of man's pursuit after Woman. It is all in an effort to regain his lost thirteenth rib.

And let me remind you that it was because of this selfsame Woman that Adam suddenly found himself evicted from his

Garden of Eden and faced with the very real necessity of producing, by the sweat of his brow, bacon, three time a day!

So I suggest to those of you who have long since relegated history into the realms of oblivion as a mass of impossible dates and uninteresting facts, take down those ponderous tomes from your library shelves, brush the cobwebs from the chambers of your memory, and, in the words of the French, "*Cherchez la Femme*". What is more fascinating than a beautiful face and form? Thus I predict that history will take on new life and renewed interest that will hold you enthralled as you watch the skirts of *la femme* flit through its pages and assume the prominence that is rightfully hers. For whether you like it or not, it is Woman's hand that has shaped the destiny of nations.

Perhaps there are some of you who are not so easily convinced. Then let us pass on to still another couple renowned in those Biblical days.

Ah, there was a man, strong and mighty. Indeed he was strength personified, for he rent a young lion into shreds with his bare hands and killed a thousand Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass. Surely Samson, this fortress of power and

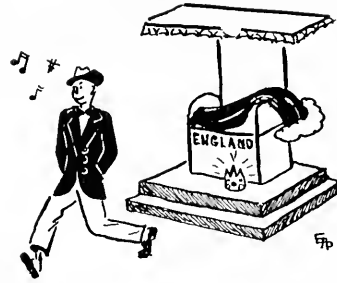


strength, was impregnable and unconquerable. But who was that villianess who slinked across the printed page? You know her well, for she has been immortalized in music and literature as a deceitful and seductive woman. That "manifest serpent", as Milton characterized Delilah, employing all the artifices known to *la femme* with cunning and perseverance, wore down Samson's resistance, conquered her weary lover, and gained the secret of his power. Alas, for our Gibraltar, our wall of strength! He, our mighty man, undefeated by legions in battles, became as putty in the hands of Woman.

Lest you think vampires are found only in the Bible, let us turn to the world at large. Here we shall find others well fitted to our purpose, employing their feminine cunning to win their desires.



About the year fifty, a devoted mother, but a wicked woman, thrust her detestable son upon the Roman people. That the son was not in line for emperor was a minor obstacle. Nothing so trivial as this could stop ambitious Agrippina when the career of her only chick was at stake. It was easy to poison her lawfully wedded husband and to persuade her uncle, the emperor, to lead her into matrimony. She met with difficulty, however, in ridding herself of her second husband, for the poison she fed him failed to strike the fatal blow and only made him ill. The doctor, summoned by the anxious courtiers, proceeded to afford the king relief by inserting a feather down his throat. However, the emperor died. Agrippina had poisoned the feather! What would have been the fate of Rome had not Nero ascended the throne, no one knows. Per-



haps the rightful heir would have played a "bazooka" while Rome burned.

Let us go south a bit from the "boot" country and include the world's most famous beauty. A French philosopher once remarked that a fraction of an inch more on the end of Cleopatra's nose would have changed the history of Rome and Egypt. The story is told that, in order to gain an audience with Caesar, Cleopatra had herself rolled up in a rich oriental rug and carried to the Roman General as a present from the Queen of Egypt. When Caesar opened the package, the delicate and ravishing form of the most beautiful woman of the Eastern world arose. He was at once her slave. As for Anthony, to paraphrase Caesar's famous words, "He came, he saw, *she* conquered."

Nor must we overlook Helen, the Trojan maid whose beauty launched a thousand ships, and for whom Troy and Sparta waged war for ten years. Her record for causing bloodshed is surpassed only by Marie Antoinette, the beautiful and extravagant queen of the French Revolution. It was for love of her that poor Louis XVI spent the peasants' hard earned money and finally lost his head to "Mme. Guillotine".

Oh, the wiles of Woman!

There is no need, however, to pore over dusty records of by-gone days. By turning the corner of current events, we find once again *la femme* at work. Wallace Warfield Simpson, familiarly known to all the world as Wallie, stands alone, the only American amid this imposing array of females. Wallie's romantic maneuvers made headlines for weeks and even months, as nations breathlessly watched the fate of the

Continued On Page 32

Star of Evening

With a rose edging
Left from the last sun-ray,
And with boldness
Borrowed from the early moon,
The star of evening lodges
Every night in the dark sky
Just that I might find it
To make a wish
On the promise there;
And I build each day
On the wish of the morrow.

—CAROLYN ROUSE

Regeneration

Let me not hate, but love with
All the power that I have hated;
Not scorn, but champion
The object of my laughter;
Not envy, but give gladly
To the one I envy;
Not curse, but thank my God
With all my heart,
For His blessing.

—CAROLYN ROUSE

"Don't Let Me Go Alone"

*"The stars appeared
in the heavens like
all the wishes I'd
ever made."*

ELEANOR C. FOLK

—NELL E. RICHARD

THE heavy cloak of night wrapped the earth in silent darkness. The stars peeped out, one by one, and blinked their sleep-filled eyes. Through the spreading branches of the big elm shone the moon, round and merry against the velvet draperies of the night.

They sat and watched the wonder of it all, the two children perched side by side upon the fence.

"Someday," the boy said, his face lifted toward the stars, "when I'm a man, I'm going to find out what they're made of, and maybe," his voice was breathless as he turned to his companion, "maybe I'll even find a way to reach them. I'll take you with me, Beth, when I go," he generously offered.

"Will you really?" Her eyes were shining and her lips were parted in excited expectancy. "I'd want to go if you went," she continued, "but please don't ever go without me or let me go alone. I wouldn't want to go without you, Tim."

* * * * *

A lone figure of a man was seated on the fence. His head was bowed in his hands, and as he slowly raised it, he lifted his eyes toward the dark pit that was the sky. There was no moon; there were no stars; only a fathomless blackness that seemed to engulf him.

A door closed gently in the distance, and the man slipped from his perch, his shoulders slim and straight and free, as light footsteps sounded near. Out of the pit there shone a light, another, and another until the blackness that had been was no more, and a span-gled scarf hung overhead. Of this the man was unaware, for his gaze fixed on two new stars that shone and sparkled under his tender glance.

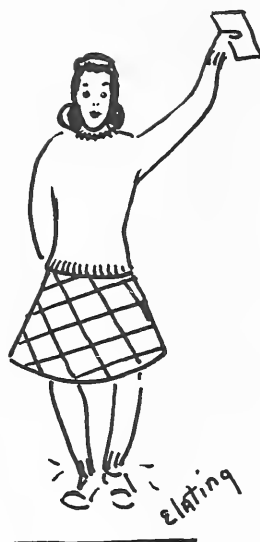
"I do not want to go alone," she had said, and he had promised that she should not.

She hadn't gone, the Beth he loved. She never would, alone. She stood beside him now. Her eyes were the two new stars, the only ones he asked, the only ones worth understanding. He knew that now. They were, he told her, more priceless than all the thousands in the heavens.

Together they had found the answers to their childish dreams. Through the years they had traveled to the moon, the stars, the heavens. Their books had taught them all they needed to know. The rest they accepted in faith. The moon they could read about. The stars—he owned the two most precious. And heaven—they had that, too. They hadn't traveled far to find it, either. Their home, their God, their friends, the tiny creature just put to sleep by Beth, these were heaven to him.

No, they need never seek alone. They had found it all, together.

A Study



n Brown





Worth Investigating

prop up on these

"Inside Latin America"

JOHN GUNTHER—*Harper & Brothers, N. Y., 1941, \$3.50*

FOR a comprehensive and thorough view of the twenty Latin American republics, one needs to look no further than this unusually brilliant book by John Gunther. He depicts with accuracy and clarity the essential and important facts about these countries and manages to discuss worthwhile, yet sometimes monotonous, subjects with such interest and ease that the reader is unaware that at other times these same facts would be difficult to understand.

The author offers little consolation to those of us who have been inclined to take too lightly the fifth-column scare in Latin American countries, but he does state that the conditions are less alarming than they were for awhile and that this fifth-column influence is not as great as it was.

He seems to feel that the solution to the Latin American problem lies not so much within these countries as within Europe. If Hitler wins this war, they cannot defend themselves, and America would be of very little help to the men in its present state; therefore, Hitler must be defeated before his dominance in Europe becomes assured. His success there would mean inevitable success in Latin America.

Of course Mr. Gunther merely discusses this problem. He does not try to force his opinions or ideas upon his readers. Most of the book is devoted to the depiction of these twenty republics. Mexico, Argentine, Brazil, and Chile are placed in the limelight, while Uruguay, Venezuela, and the other fourteen countries share equal attention.

For a really interesting and timely book, John Gunther is due a great deal of credit. Readers from all walks of life will receive "*Inside Latin America*" with delight and keen anticipation. They will not be disappointed.

—NELL RICHARD



"The Hills Beyond"

THOMAS WOLFE—*Harper Brothers, N. Y., 1941, \$2.50*

PERHAPS it will take an ardent devotee of Tom Wolfe, a reader who has lived through his other great books and found him out, to fully appreciate and realize the significance of "*The Hills Beyond*". Yet as a work in itself, if it is possible to regard any of Tom Wolfe's books as standing alone, it contains the essence of the spirit and philosophy of the man; it encompasses his breadth and depth of emotion, and it expresses his singularly complete view of life as it was reflected to him from every angle.

To fit the book into a proper classification would be difficult—in fact, impossible—for it is a collection of sketches, but also a part of the great novel that all his books comprise, and it is autobiographical as well. In the same way it would be impossible to slide Tom Wolfe into a catalogued niche; he cannot be called a poet, novelist, essayist, philosopher, or biographer alone, for he is a combination of all of these; "an American writer" is the title that is his, and

the one he would probably have liked the best.

The short sketches included in the book were compiled under the supervision of Edward C. Aswell, who, at the end of the book, writes "A Note on Thomas Wolfe". Aswell was Tom Wolfe's last editor, and, with the exception of Maxwell Perkins, Wolfe's first editor and devoted friend, was, perhaps, the man who best knew the writer's literary plans.

These short pieces were not written with the idea of joining them in book form; they were written at different periods in his life, principally as a part of some of his other works. Through deletion, or for some other reason, they were omitted from their originally intended place; yet, as presented here, they are complete in themselves. They are typically Tom Wolfe in his magnificence of style and description, his vivisection of his emotions and desires, his love and fear of life, his fight against the hobgoblins of his mind, and his fight for a capacity for happiness. These stories show more of the author's versatility than any of his other work, for they stand in contrast to each other, while most of his other writing fits so compactly into his scheme of life that you cannot regard it other than as a whole.

The title piece of the book is a long account of the Joyner family, of whom he writes in his books, *"The Web and the Rock"* and *"You Can't Go Home Again,"* as his ancestors. It is an excellently drawn description of the people and life in Old Catauba—North Carolina—as it was from the period just after the Revolutionary days until the start of this century. Tom Wolfe's sense of humor is delightfully predominant here as it seldom is in his previous work, for he has a tendency to see the tragedy in life, and its stark beauty, neglecting too often, perhaps, its essential comedy.

Tom Wolfe was thirty-seven years old when he died in 1938. His last three books have been posthumous. This third book concludes the publication of selected parts of the more than one million words he left unpublished at his death. This draws a conclusion to the life of a great man and a literary genius.

Even now, Tom Wolfe is regarded as one of the greatest American novelists, and it seems that it is only a virtue of time to make him immortal.

—HARRIET CANTRELL



"Exit Laughing"

IRVIN S. COBB—Bobbs Merrill, Co., New York, 1941, \$3.50.

"EXIT LAUGHING" is mainly the collected humor of a great humorist. Not only does Mr. Cobb constantly poke fun at mankind in general, but he also directs this same wit toward himself. Incidentally the book is only his autobiography.

The author puts down the main facts of his life. Born in Paducah, Kentucky, he proves his right to be a Southerner by bragging of his illustrious ancestors in two chapters. Mr. Cobb's humor was derived from the effects of the War Between the States on the "busted" South. As his family had no money, he started to work at sixteen for the magnificent sum of \$1.75 a week as cub reporter on a small Southern newspaper. During his strenuous daily routine, Irvin Cobb's marvelous sense of humor spurred him on, making life pleasant for his co-workers and bearable for himself. An eternal attitude of absurdity molded his features into lines unthinking people would term laughable. To more discerning individuals, they are the features of an ordinary American citizen who is deeply thankful for the opportunities his country gives "to pull a person up by his own bootstraps"; who loves his native land so well that he can easily interpret (even criticize) it and its inhabitants in his own inimitable fashion; and who can do all this in such a way as to make people laugh not only at the author's shortcomings but at theirs also.

Mr. Cobb is famed as a humorist, but his upward climb from a small town cub reporter to a full-fledged writer on Chicago

THE COLONNADE

and New York newspapers, from magazines to books, and finally from lecture platforms to a philosophic interpreter of the American scene is the story of a real man. This is the inspiring life-story of a hard working, conscientious individual much impressed by the nobility of his profession.

Great figures pass in review—vivid portraits of important Americans—vivid because the author has seen and known them as friends. Yes, he's known these people as friends because he's a friendly cuss.

Cobb's book is vital at this time because we gain from it a true picture of an honest, wise American citizen—the kind our country needs. This citizen is a representative of laughter in life and democracy. And we need laughter.

—FAY B. JOHNSON



"As I Remember Him, The Biography of R. S."

HANS ZINSSER—Little, Brown and Co., Boston,
1940, \$2.75

EVERY now and then, but not nearly often enough, someone writes a book that is humorous, yet has wisdom and understanding enough to appeal to any reader. Just such a book is *As I Remember Him, The Biography of R. S.*, by Hans Zinsser, the same author whose last book, *Rats, Lice and History*, showed him to be an able writer.

The biography consists of the life story of one of Hans Zinsser's best friends, but a considerable number of critics contend that R. S. is the author himself. Born of German parents, somewhere near Westchester on Long Island, R. S. is a typical example of a growing number of those people who, towards the end of the period between the last two World Wars, have realized that the progress of science has been much greater than the progress of a moral con-

sciousness. As a result science has endangered more than helped civilization.

The book tells R. S.'s story from babyhood to manhood, his choice of medicine as his life's work, his internship in the slum districts of New York, and his constant presence wherever war and infection were doing their part to break down the world. His career took him during the first World War to France, to Serbia, to Egypt, to Russia, and to Mexico. So beautifully is his life and death presented that each one seems an orderly part of an orderly world.

Though medicine is the basis of the book, it contains much more; people other than those particularly interested in medicine will find it full of good stories with excellent comments on life in general.

As I Remember Him is written in an interesting and touchingly simple style. With its witty and ironical comments it has the fresh tang of mountain air. As Henry Seidel Canby states, "This remarkable book is a legacy to his generation from a great doctor, great scientist, great talker, and a complete human being."

—AMY READ

THE COLONNADE

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CONTESTANTS

remember your deadline

F E B R U A R Y 1 5

Awards

\$3.00

\$2.00

\$1.00

Blind Folly

Honorable Mention in the Summer Contest

ANNE FITZGERALD

*"The tears upon her
cheeks were like
dew drops on a
rose."*

—LIBBY BERNARD

NANCY, I can't believe that this has happened to us or to you, who met life with open arms and held it closer with each fleeting moment. I can't understand how the world could have been so cruel to one whose soul has been attuned to every heartache and disappointment, to each moment of happiness and every time of pain. The first time I saw you in that little tea room on Franklin, there was a gallant set to your slim shoulders and a brave tilt to your head that made me long to save you forever from all that was ugly and drab. Before Bob had finished his brief introductions, I felt that you were mine and closely akin to all that was brave and enduring.

"Hello, Thomas," you turned and smiled, once Bob had stopped speaking, but Bob interrupted to say that the boys at Richmond called me "Tom". You told him that you liked "Tom" better than "Thomas" and looked into my face. Your eyes spoke volumes. They were pools of deepest understanding and sympathy, and my mind, hazy from my second Scotch and soda, was clear for the first time since Mary had returned my fraternity pin. All the bitterness of my petty quarrel with her seemed meaningless. All that mattered was you and my work and the realization that I had everything to live for.

We drank in every word the other said that afternoon, darling, as if time were passing too quickly for us, and as if we couldn't catch up with what we had missed in not knowing each other before. I had never talked so earnestly or so freely. My voice went on and on. For the first time, I opened the door to my real self, and slipped from the disguises of sophistication and brusqueness. I wrote my chemistry formulas for you on a paper napkin and told you how great a part of me my laboratory had become.

"Nancy," I murmured as I called your attention to the formula in pencil on the crinkled napkin, "these letters and you symbolize my whole future. Dr. James thinks that in this formula, I can make a discovery that will be quite beneficial to American industries, but it means hours of research, experiment, nights without sleep, and days of constant study."

At this you expressed concern. You knew that I must keep myself in good physical condition if I were to endure the strain of long hours spent in the "lab". I promised you that I would keep fit, and that I wouldn't drink again.

I worked hard after that. Each day I went as much as I could and stayed as long as my eyes were open and my hands were steady. Sometimes, I would fall asleep over the test tubes. I couldn't have done it without you, Nancy; for you believed in me, and I didn't want to fail you.

You knew so well how to live, my dearest, and fate, through my weakness, would not let you. If I hadn't been the weak, stupid fool that I was, I wouldn't have broken my promise to you and gone to that cocktail party with Jack Thorp. He came a few minutes after I left the "lab". I had been trying all day to find the exact quantities of the elements I was using and after hours of testing and measuring, I still wasn't getting anywhere. More experimenting seemed futile and useless, and as I left the "lab", I realized how fatigued I had really become. I could hardly make my way back to my room. When Jack came by, I was sitting on the edge of my bed with my head in my hands. I was discouraged because I hadn't accomplished anything that day when I had hoped that I could tell you that my progress was encouraging. I knew that I would never be content until I had perfected my formula.

Jack was in the doorway grinning when

I looked up to see who had opened the door.

"I came by to get you to go to the K. A. party with me. I thought—Say, Tom, what's the matter?"

"Go away, Jack," I said gruffly and turned my back, for I didn't want to see a living soul until I could pull myself together again.

But Jack brushed aside all my protests. He kept on urging and pleading. He told me that I would forget my troubles and that I would be able to relax and ease my nerves. Finally succumbing to my weakness, I went.

That was the night before the day I mixed the wrong chemicals in the lab, and the authorities called me in and warned me that I couldn't use the lab if that happened again. You knew that the party the night before was the cause of so grave a mistake. Your eyes dimmed with tears when you saw me after the accident. I clinched my fists and swore that I would never hurt you again, that I would be strong and fight against my weakness.

"Tom," you said, clutching the lapels of my coat, "please."

And you were so choked up and miserable you couldn't finish. I held you there in my arms and promised vehemently, "I'll never do it again, darling. Never! Never!"

You lifted your head. The tears were still dim on your cheek, but you looked steadfastly into my eyes and smiled. And I knew that if I were the most miserable coward in the world you would love me and would have faith in me.

"Tom," you said gently, "remember, dear, I'm counting on you," and when I felt the soft sweet fullness of your lips, I felt that all the agony and despair had somehow been erased; that I could begin anew. I would do all within my power to be worthy of your love.

The days after that were the happiest we ever spent. I was completely dedicated to my work, and you were there whenever I needed you, watching and hoping and tiding me over waves of despondency.

"Tom," you would say with anxiety in your eyes, "come out for a walk in the air," and then you and I would walk slowly in the night. You would listen to me tell about

every bit of progress I was making, and you would be happy whenever it seemed that my goal was in sight.

That walk was one of our last hours together. We made so many plans. When I got my fellowship, you were going with me. We had our flat planned and I felt that when we were married, I would be the happiest man in the world. My mind was more at peace about my formula. I felt that I was beginning to get the correct reactions at last. You and I talked and talked, and when we left each other, we agreed to take time off and celebrate. We decided that nothing could be more appropriate than to have a late dinner at the little tea room on Franklin where we met. I told you I would meet you at eight the next night. That night I went back to my room and dreamed about you. I could hear you calling me over and over.

The next day, I was in the laboratory. I didn't eat lunch or breakfast. The experiment went well until just before dusk, and then I mixed too much carbon dioxide and it gave the wrong reaction. I had to start over. The same thing happened again. Finally I gave up in desperation.

I left the "lab", depressed and listless, because I had lost my formula when it was practically solved. I looked at my watch and saw that there wasn't much time before I would meet you at the "Pantree". I went down the street, thinking that I would get a shoe shine.

On the way, I met Charles. I hadn't seen him for ages, and he suggested that I go in the John Marshall and have a highball with him. I thought about you, Nancy. I knew that I had said I would meet you at eight, and that you didn't want me to drink when I was working in the laboratory. But Charlie insisted that we hadn't seen each other for a long time and that surely I would be sociable for the sake of old times. I did not think, Nancy, that *one* would hurt.

I went with Charlie. I didn't realize what a habit drinking had become or what a tenacious hold it had upon me. When Charlie ordered another, I did too, and I felt miserable, darling. I had failed you and these thoughts drove me to even greater

despair. I could see your eyes looking into mine, and without knowing what I was doing, I ordered another and another. I lost all track of time and reason.

It wasn't until Bob finally found Charlie and me, that I knew the worst had happened and that it was all my fault. All I can remember is the sight of Bob, taunt and white, and a little angry. All I can remember is his jerking me by the collar and saying, "You fool! Here you are drinking while Nancy is dying!"

He took me to the hospital. I felt I couldn't stand it. I rushed into the building. Bob behind me. Elizabeth was there with Frank, both of them strained and tense. The nurse came out when I reached the door.

"You're too late," she said with dead finality. "She's gone. She called for you every minute when she was conscious."

I didn't know what had happened until Bob told me, but I should have known. I would give my life if I could go back a few days, Nancy, if I could turn back the calendar and erase these past days and be the true Tom that you wanted me to be. I was such a stupid fool! Elizabeth said that there were tears in your eyes when I didn't come, that you walked back and forth in the living room and that after eleven, you clutched your handkerchief tightly in your hands, and said, "Lizzie, I've been waiting three hours for Tom. I've got to find him. He may have had an explosion in the laboratory."

Liz and Frank said they drove you by the lab, that the lights were on and that you ran in. You didn't find me, and you ran out frantically. You saw Louis Ray on the sidewalk outside, talking to his sister. You asked him where I was and he told you that I was having highballs with Charlie.

Oh, Nancy, I shudder when I think of what followed. Liz said that in your disappointment you didn't see anything around

you, that you didn't know that the car was so close when you ran in front of it.

As I look back on these bleak days, darling, they seem like a nightmare. The long days have hung like millstones on my heart and mind. I felt that I didn't want to live. It seemed my life was gone, that there was nothing for me to live for. Several times I went to the little coffee shop to get a Scotch and soda. I thought that it would help me to forget, but I didn't get farther than the door. I could feel your hands clutching my lapels and pleading with me, tears dimming your eyes as you looked at me. I turned and went back to my room and thought that you were smiling at me, and that your eyes had an unceasing faith shining in them.

It was at that moment, darling that I knew I had to get a few licks at life for you, that I should go ahead with my work, that somehow, although I had failed you before, I would be true and strong.

And now after these days of painful study, I have the exact formula, and I am working on another. Dr. James thinks that it is one of the notable discoveries in chemistry this year. They are giving banquets for me, and Bob has been bringing

press notices for me to read. They say flattering things about me that I don't deserve. I am not the one who should receive the fame, praise, and honor, my dear. It is you who has brought this discovery into being. You deserve all the credit. Your faith was the light that led me on to achievement and realization of my purpose. Your undying love and, finally, the supreme sacrifice of your life has made a man out of a weak, spineless boy, whose maturity never developed until your love touched his once-soaimless existence.

Your life was not in vain, my darling Nancy. You saved me from the blind folly of my own weakness. I want you to share my success, I hope that somehow, you know about it.

A L'AMOUR

Je pense a vous tous les jours—
Vous avez mon amour.
Votre visage est si tranquille
Et votre main si habile!

Vous me rendez si content,
Vous seul, a tout moment.
Je t'adore, mon amour!
Je pense a vous tous les jours.

—ANNE FITZGERALD

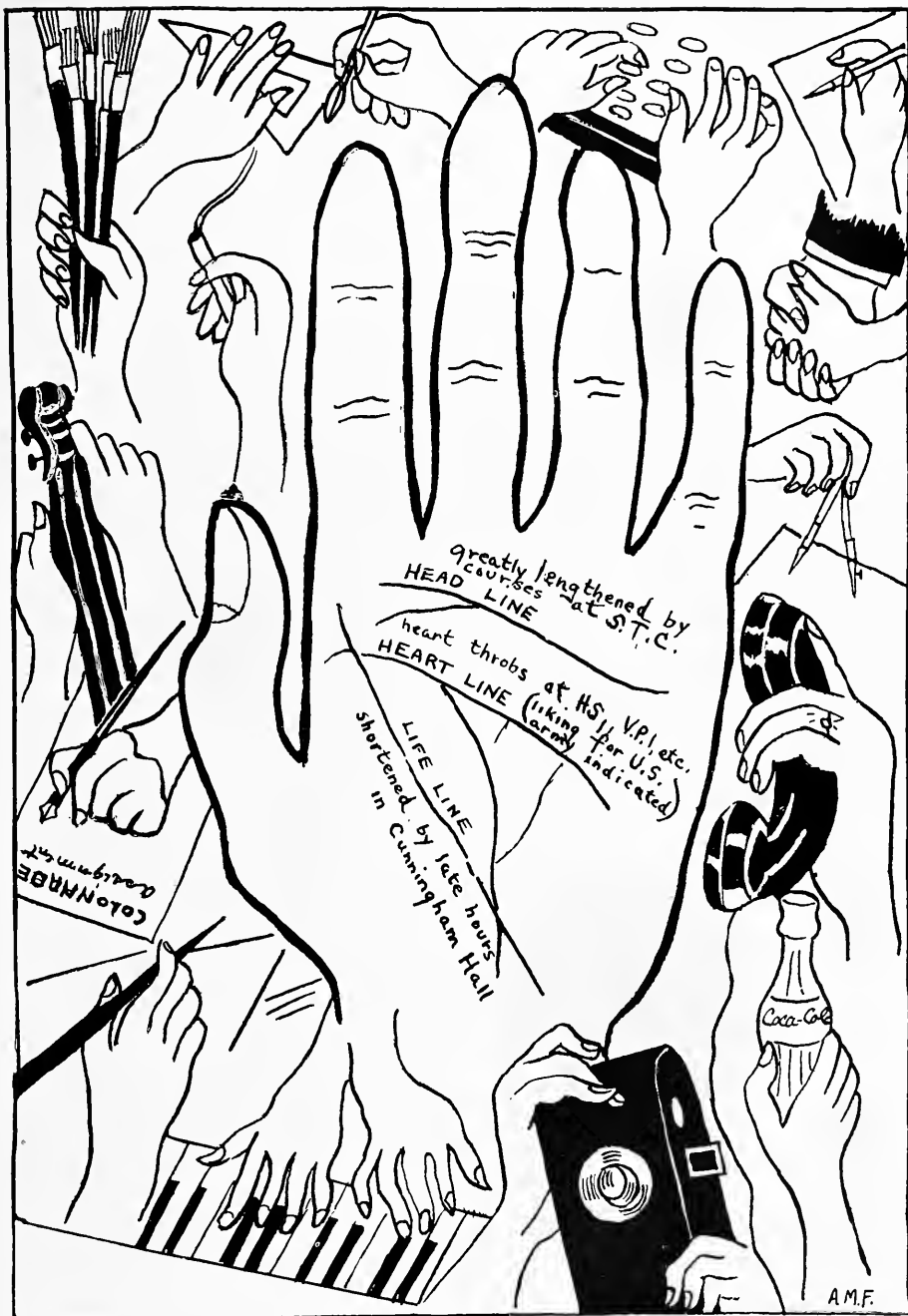
Lilacs

I remember lilacs in the spring
And city streets, softened by the glow
Of white and purple-tinted spreading wing
Above the dirty sidewalks down below.

I remember tulips glowing red
In rows along a winding garden walk,
And birds in singing squadrons overhead,
Who 'light in green tree tops to chatter-talk.

I remember by the garden wall
A bower fringed in lilacs, soft and sweet,
And I remember you, dear, best of all,
You . . . kneeling in the shadows at my feet.

—ANNE C. WILLIAMS



Prayer

Now it has come, our day of war,
God, make us fine and strong;
Help everyone to do his share;
And if the fight be long,
Then we must each feel honored
To be picked to stem the tide
Of cunning voraciousness
That marks the "other side".

Who knows when all is over and
There's peace again, somehow,
Just who was right and who was wrong?
But, God, be with us now.
Although it may be wrong to fight,
Should we ignore the plea
Of starving wretched souls who live
In utter misery?

Although it may cost us our all,
What can we do but fight?
What can we feel but outrage when
The bombers come at night?
We are untried. We stand before
The world to prove our worth.
Is it, then, wrong to thus defend
Our heritage, our birth?

ANNE C. WILLIAMS



Pen Poise



It isn't the length of a man's statue or the tilt of his hat that matters; it's the bigness of his morals and the slant of his ethics.

Anne Fitzgerald

It doesn't pay to be a carbon copy, because carbon copies usually end in filing cases on big shelves.

Anne Fitzgerald

"The moon was going down with its usual poise and grace."

Lorraine Morewitz

"He relaxed on the porch . . . enjoying the patterns of the fleecy clouds as they gently swept the blue sky clean of any imperfect mark."

Helen Gordon

"There had been a blurred interim between the first strains of Lohengrin and the burst of Mendelssohn's beloved Recessional—a lapse of time filled with candle light, a stern voice, the odor of lilies-of-the-valley, and sacred vows."

Lillian Wahab

"There was nothing glamorous about the brown mane that fell helter-skelter into curls down Nelle's neck."

Mary Stuart Wamsley

"She strolled out on the large front porch, pulling together with difficulty a dazzling smile. It dropped like weight when she reached the cool darkness."

Mary Stuart Wamsley

"All around its shore grow the high Coconut Palm trees, resembling great giants, defending their homes and their children from unknown enemies."

Lolita Robert

"Among the willows her shadow drifted in and out in magical illusion until it became absorbed in the soft, cool dark of the crawling, half-coaxing willow branches."

Allene Overbey

"The lily-white beauty of her slender, upturned face and her half-bared arms seemed to catch something from the moon and hold it there."

Allene Overbey

"He had my sympathy. That, however, did him no material good."

Lorraine Morewitz

Presenting...

By VIRGINIA SEDGLEY

Recently voted "Horsiest girl on the campus. . . Different from the average girl by the fact that she is always late to classes. . . Was heard to remark, "Tardiness exemplifies my personality." . . . Always answers questions in class, "I don't know and I don't care." That, too, shows her personality. . .

Paying her way through school by working for the government. . . They have her picture on propaganda posters. . . One look at her face and the Japs don't want to come over. . . Attributes her beauty to the fact that she never washes her face. . . Claims it irritates her skin. . . Has mastered the art of tossing "coke" bottles down the hall with the maximum of noise and a minimum of breakage. . . Her chief aim in life is to snag a man. . . Has stopped wearing bangs since she was mistaken for a sheep dog. . . Greatest disappointment is that the library does not subscribe to *Superman Comics*. . .

Loves to sew. . . Recently sewed together all the sleeves of her friends coats. . . Is quite a wit . . . Favorite prank is to wait till 12:00 at night and then turn on her radio. . . Says that she is educating people to live in this world of noise and confusion. . . Her philosophy of life is to borrow all she can and to appropriate the rest. . . Friends call her the "moocher" for short. . .

A special in Curriculum X. . . Does her practice teaching in Shannons at all times. . .



The Bell Rope!

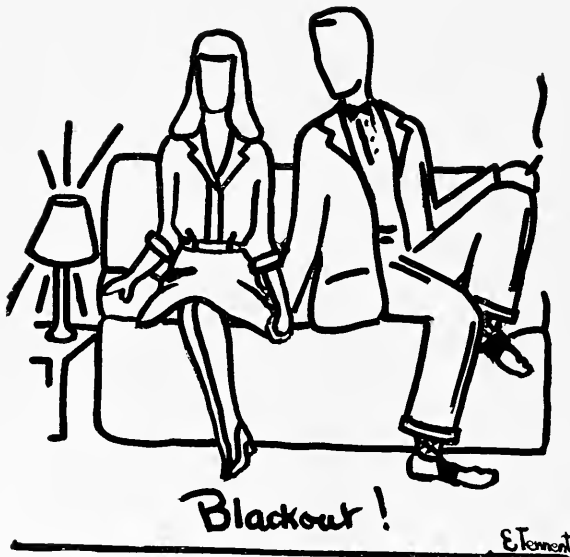
E. Turner

HELEN smiled as she glanced slowly around the dimly lighted room. A warm fire burned brightly in the fireplace, and in the far corner of the room a small lamp still glowed softly; but outside it was snowing, and already the white flakes were beginning to bank on the windows.

In one corner of the room there stood a prettily decorated Christmas tree. It was really too large, she had thought, but the children did so love a big one, and since Dick thought it would be all right, she hadn't said anything. At the tip-top she could see the shiny star that Betsy liked so well. In the morning she'd be happy to see that Santa Claus hadn't forgotten to bring it back. She was sound asleep now, dreaming of reindeer and waiting impatiently for daylight. Darling Betsy, with her soft blond curls and sweet dimples—Helen could almost see her big blue eyes sparkle and shine now.

And Billy—it would probably be the first Christmas he'd remember. He was almost three now. She could hardly believe it—he was such a baby only yesterday. He had always been so different from Betsy—dark and boyish, already beginning to be handsome—so much like Dick.

She closed her eyes wearily. There had been lots of work to do all day, and she hadn't



A Figure

It was damp, dark and chill. The boy stood in his shirt sleeves. He was waiting, tensely waiting, while the cold went through him like fingers of ice. But he didn't even notice. He just waited, his body tense.

There was a faint, dim light at his side, which threw a sort of red, weird glow over everything before him. There was a man at his side, too, but the man was as tense as he and offered no consolation.

Slowly and dimly it appeared a vision before

had any help. She had given the hired girl the day off, but afterwards she had wished she hadn't. There had been so much to do—extra cooking and cleaning, watching after the children, fixing meals, getting the small turkey ready for tomorrow's dinner. A somewhat tired satisfaction swept over her, though, as she thought back over the day's work. She didn't feel proud over her accomplishments any more. That had all worn off years ago, but she did feel rather satisfied sometimes.

She slowly slipped off her old shoes and wiggled her cramped toes before the fire. Poor shoes, they were getting worn and shabby looking. She really should have gotten a new pair, but there had been lots of expenses this year, and she had spent all of the extra money on the children. The Christmas things had been expensive, and Dick hadn't wanted her to spend so much, but the children would have been disappointed.

Christmas Eve—funny, it didn't seem like Christmas Eve but just like any other night. She heard church chimes, the occasional tinkle of sleigh-bells, and suddenly, in the distance, she caught the faint strain of young voices singing carols. Her heart missed a beat. What were they singing? She could hear the words now. They were in Latin—"Adeste Fideles". She caught her breath sharply and gazed silently into the fire. She was no

e Dark

them. It was dim at first, then stronger and stronger as seconds ticked by. Soon this vision showed itself to be the figure of a man. It came closer to the two figures waiting in the darkness. Features began to appear until the image was quite clear to the training eyes of the two waiting men.

Suddenly the boy jumped, jerked the image from the developer, rinsed it hurriedly, dropped it into the fixer, and stood up in a relieved fashion. "A perfect print," he said.

NANCY LEE WILLIAMSON



THE LIAR

longer forty with graying hair and deepening wrinkles, sitting wearily by the fire. It was another Christmas Eve years ago, and she was young—and in love.

* * * * *

There was a huge crowd at the party. Everybody was there—but she didn't see anyone but Jim. He was big and rich looking—so wonderful. Her heart stood still everytime he smiled at her. He was sweet about getting things for her, and always polite. And the moment when he caught her under the mistletoe—she hadn't really fallen in love until then.

The snow fell lightly. The party was over and they had all decided to go caroling. The air was crisp and fresh, and their voices blended perfectly in the still night.

Helen was indescribably happy. Her soft white hand was held tightly in Jim's, and as they walked through the snowy streets, she felt as though she were in another world—a beautiful unforgettable world. Nothing made any difference—she was young, happy, in love, and it was Christmas Eve. Nothing else mattered.

But it was getting late, and she sighed slightly as they turned to go back up the steep hill toward home. They would go to the large Christmas tree in the center of the village, they decided, and sing one more carol.

Everyone came out to hear them, and after a little discussion they decided to sing "Adeste Fideles" in Latin. She was glad they did, it was her favorite piece and the whole crowd had learned it together at school. She almost cried, it was so beautiful. She could hear Jim's deep voice near her ear, and she knew that her own soft soprano had never sounded better. Something happened to her then. She felt warm, contented, and holy, deep down inside.

He proposed to her when he took her home that night, but she thought she was too young. She wanted to wait, but Jim was hurt and angry. He left the next day. She didn't know where he went, and she was worried and lonely and unhappy.

* * * * *

Helen shivered slightly and opened her eyes. The fire was almost out, and she could hear Dick moving around in the next room. She smiled as she thought of her dreams; she hadn't thought of Jim in years. Funny how just a song could bring back so many memories. It had meant so much to her then, but it didn't any more. She wondered where he was now—married? working? dead? She had never mentioned him to Dick. She had never thought of it really; but it didn't matter now.

It had stopped snowing, and she could no longer hear the singers. They must have moved on—to bring back memories to others, to make some for themselves.

She slipped her feet back into her shoes and slowly got up. It was getting late, and there would be extra work and excitement tomorrow.

She hadn't made such a bad go of her life, she thought, as she straightened the top star which had slipped slightly to one side. Dick had been a grand husband, and the children were perfect. She smiled as she gave it a final look—no fortune, no life of ease, but no regrets.



BABBLE HABBLE

By



WIVES

Before a man's married he's a dude; after marriage he's subdued. Before marriage he has no buttons on his shirt; after marriage he has no shirt. Before marriage he swears that he would not marry the best woman in the world; after marriage he finds that he hasn't.

Tennessee Tech "Oracle"
But they make convenient draft masks.

Curious Old Lady: Why, you've lost your leg, haven't you?

Cripple: Well, darned if I haven't.

They marked the exams so strictly, they flunked him for having a period upside down.

The Log

Washa time?
Ish two o'clock.
How ya know?
Looked at the sun dial with my flashlight.

Sir Brown

"My husband is playing a mental game of basketball."
"Yes, just look at him dribble."

MORE WOMEN

You Can't Fool Me
I think that I will never see
A girl refuse a meal that's free;
A girl whose hungry eyes aren't fixed
Upon a meal that costs two-bits;
A girl who doesn't ever wear
A lot of doo-dads in her hair—
Girls are loved by fools like me.
Cause who in the heck would kiss a tree?
Highland College "Echo"

"It's raining cats and dogs outside."
"Yes, I know. I just stepped into a poodle."

How fat she is;
She used to wasn't—
The reason is
She daily doesn't.

Rocky Mountain Collegian

Doctor: "Sambo, I can think of but one thing that will cure you and that is an electric bath."

Sambo: "Naw, suh, doctah, yo' ain't talking to dis niger. I had a frien' what took one of them things down in Sing Sing an' it drowned him."

The Log

Ruth rode in my cycle car
In a seat in back of me.
I took a bump at fifty,
And rode on Ruthlessly.

Jack (in front of dental display window): "I believe I'll get myself a pair of those teeth over there."

Virginia: "Hush, don't you know it's impolite to pick your teeth in public?"

Rammer Jammer

"What are ya wearing that tooth-brush for?"

"Oh, that's my class pin. I went to Colgate."

Green Gander

Overheard at the Ritz: Con-somme, bouillon, hors d'oeuvres, fricasse boulet, pommes de terre au gratin, demitasse, des glaces, and tell that mug in the corner to keep his lamps offa me moll, see!

Mary swallowed her little watch.
Now the watch is gone.
Mary walks along the street—
Time marches on.

"Quartermaster, is that our true position?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're positive?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then take off your hat. We're in Westminster Abbey."

WOOL GATHERING

"I represent the Mountain Wool company, ma'm. Would you be interested in some course yarns?"
"Gosh, yes, tell me a couple!"
"Blue Stocking"

Customer: This coat you sold me is an awfully poor fit.

Tailor: Well, what do you want for five dollars—an attack of epilepsy?

Teacher: Now, Johnny, if you put your hand in one pocket and pulled out 75 cents, then put your hand in the other pocket and pulled out 75 cents, what would you have?

Johnny: Somebody else's pants.

Builder's foreman: Excuse me, but are you the lady wot's singing?

Lady: Yes, I was singing, why?

Foreman: Well, I might ask you not to hang on that top note so long. The men have knocked off twice already, mistakin' it for the dinner whistle.

Arisone "Kitty Kat"



"Cherchez la Femme"

Continued From Page 13

mighty British Empire. Reams of print were released on this woman, and her actions, clothes, tastes, and innermost thoughts were revealed by the all-knowing press. What will historians in years to come say about the woman of today who dethroned a monarch and rocked an empire?

Perhaps you begin to wonder why I, of the female sex myself, should focus a merciless spotlight upon these past and present masters of feminine wiles who, you may think, reflect no credit to my sex? Let me hasten to assure you that I am no traitor but wish only to prove to you that Woman is a mighty force, whether for good or evil, and that she must be reckoned with. The destiny of the world rests between her manicured fingers. And so I say to you, "*Cherchez la Femme*" !



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